Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND ART.

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By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
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WOOD SPIRIT.

Sounds there sweet spirit here?
The summer breezes hurry about on a chase,
And stir the green, all still and darkly close.
The wild wood hyacinth with rare moss interweb,
And something of a tender, chilened gloom,
Deserves the violet's bloom.

The very light, that streams
Through the dim downy veil of filbert screen,
Comes sweetens with emerald-tinted gleams,
As if it bore the plant were fairy ground!
And would not startle, with his bright chase,
Flowers, all divinely stained.

Where does some spirit love?
A swift wind fraught with change comes rushing by,
And leaves and waters, in its wild course,
Bind forth sweet voices such a mystery!
Surely some awful influence must pervade
Those depths of trembling shade!

Yes, Fairly, softly move!
There is a Power, a Presence in the woods!
A viewless Being, clos with Life and Love
Inform the wreathed solitudes!
The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
Thou, Thou are here, my God!

And if with awe we stand
The Minster floor, beneath the storied pane,
And 'midst the unbelieving business of the dead,
Shall the green rainfall wild seem less Thy fane,
Where thou alone hast built!—where souls and sod
Are of thy living wood?

The Almond and the wood
In the lone places, breathe alike of Thee;
The Temple-twilight of the gloom professed,
The dew-cup of the frail anemone,
The mead by every wandering whisper thrilled—
All, all with Thee are filled!

Oh! purify mine eyes,
Mean and yet mere, by Love and lowly thought,
Thy Presence, Holiest One! to recognize,
In its so manifold shine which then hast wrought!
And 'midst their ever-like movement, teach mine ear
Ever Thy voice to hear!

And sanctify my heart
To meet the sweet procession of that time,
With no faint thrill, or cold-creeping start,
But a deep joy the heavenly Guest to own;
Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers
Ere Sin had dimmed the flowers.

Let me not know the change
Of Nature thrown by Guilt!—the hollow sky,
The hollow leaf outside existence and stranger,
The weight wherewith the dust true-shadows lie!
Father! oh! keep my footsteps pure and free,
To walk the woods with Thee!

FRIGHTED AND REAL AVOCATIONS.

The story of the Hebrews, which afforded us some general remarks on a former occasion, is not yet a week, and we anticipate a forcible illustration of the difference between the sentiments we have designed above. The passion of Lord E., as well exposed, contrasts most strikingly with that of the lady for another, and that by which it was repaid.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

At first I had not thought Trevor beautiful—Tho' I remember distinctly, or I could not now believe it, for, as soon as I had searched the mysteries of intelligence between the outward aspect and the inward heart, his face became to me ever as the face of an angel. His pale and darkly featured wealthy beauty on colour was a dreamed vision made real. Forever and ever, from that first night, the pale face with the soul's eyes, lady light and O the warm benevolence of his bright smile! While he preached, the light from a richly stained oriel window streamed upon his figure, at times shrouding him in such a blaze of brilliance or golden splendour, that he seemed a heavenly seraph circled by a visible glory. There was no sorrowful or painful thought blended with the glad beginnings of my love. Earth and sky seemed brighter than before, human faces were happier smiles, and all living things were girdled by my widening heart-room. I might not dare to say, even to myself, how much I loved him, but I cherished them softly to my own glad heart. I held high commune with the mighty of old, the men of renown, for what but greatness can be the interpreter of greatness? The world-greatness had passed away; I deserted from after the transient shade of happiness, and I resigned myself to the current of events, which I hoped would drift me towards it. I knew not of the gulf that yawned between. There was not, perhaps, one of my acquaintance who would not have regarded as a degradation my alliance with a poor curate, such as Trevor, and I was as yet so far from faith in their false notions, as to interpret his aloofness in seeking my intimacy into its timidity of an humble admirer. Often, as I caught his eye fixed steadily upon me, I trembled at its pitying or reproving sternness into the language of admiration, to which I was so much better accustomed. I had not yet attained to true love's perfect humbleness. I knew not that Trevor's unworldliness would reckon a virtue of more account than an oath to in a wife's dowry; or that he would never think of finding his life's friend in such a giddy fluttering child of folly as I appeared to be—so, but for my love of him I would have been. But I was not to know the passion's "pain and sorrow" the wasting restlessness of doubt and fear. I soon grew peevish and "impatient-hearted," as I marked the many occasions of seeking my society, which he let pass unheeded. I grew weary, of crowded assemblies, where I in vain watched for his face, and listened for his voice. And when he did come, and when he greeted me with his placid and gracious smile, I felt the sick chill of hopelessness steal over me, as I contrasted his cold indifference with the passionate worship of my own "chaf and silent heart." Sometimes I fancied that he was "rapt too high for heavenly contemplation to dream of earthly love. His enthusiasm too, flowing as it was, was yet so holy, so calm! But is not enthusiasm ever calm, and always holy? And does not true insight into the life of things convince us that the loftiest and purest intellects are ever twinborn with the warmest hearts, that tenderness and genius are action or never dreamed? When I witnessed Trevor's fervent piety, and heard his touching eloquence, I felt that they both sprang from the pure depths of an affectionate heart; I knew that he could love lastly, fully, and the more, but I feared, alas, glad that I could never be the favored object of his love. I had found the only human being who call forth the latent energies and able traits of my soul, but he eye was averted, I had no space in his thought. I knew the firm and steady character on which my weak and turbulent nature could have cast itself so fondly for support, but it had no sympathy with mine. I saw the heaven in which my heart would fain have "rest up in it overturn my rest," but it rejected me. Sometimes the thought would arise that, could he know of my devotional attachment, he would not fail to yield a rich return. But could the raising of an eye-lash have gained his love, at the risk of revealing my own, the nevertheless would not have been made. I would have rejected his regard if it sprang from such a source. This is not pride, nor prejudice, nor education; it is the very soul and centre of a woman's being. I was conscious that my face was but too apt to betray my thoughts, and I was terrified lest any one should detect my preference for Trevor. Lord E—— shone upon me. His jaded eyes were forever riveted upon my countenance, and he alone read aright my wandering, restless eye and changing cheek. His descendants had long been aware of the impassioned temperament that lurked beneath my quiescent manners, and he believed me very capable of lavishing my fortune and affections upon one of Hazard's exhibitions—a sympathy which he was determined, in justice, to prevent. He did not dare openly to slander the high character of Trevor, but he had recourse to the meaner and "paltry breaks" which cowardice and duplicity ever resort to for the gaining of their ends. Sometimes, I caught him covertly watching me, and then he would assume a look of sad foreboding concern. I could not imagine what my partiality was known, and believed to be greatly discouraged by Trevor himself, but at the same time assumed the love-disdain of any thing to prove my worth, in every way, to Trevor. The two conflicting feelings of pride and love distracted me, and I became an object of wonder to my friends. Trevor, I knew, was not disposed to make love to me, and to my own heart I would say, "Be Mr. Trevor and Miss —— are to be married immediately." This knell of my happiness rung out amid the sounds of music and laughter. The dancers opposite, struck with the blanched and spectral hue of my complexion, cried out at once, "What is matter? Miss Howard, you are ill." two with a strong proud effort, I replied, that I was perfectly well, danced through my part, and then stood beside Lord E—— who was as usual my partner. The ladies were still engaged in the same conversation. "He goes to Devonshire next week, for change of air after his long illness.—He is to remain some time on a visit at her father's house. I understand it is a long engagement."

Lord E—— heard these words, and guessed at once the cause of my sudden pallor. I saw that he did, and resolved to defy his penetration. Never had I been so giddy gay, never excited so much admiration as on that miserable evening. The restlessness of despair bewildered me, and in a sort of a mad conspiracy with fate against my own happiness, I gave my irrevocable promise to be the wife of Lord E——. A double bar was then placed between me and the most perfect of God's creatures. He had selected one (doubtless worthy of him) with whom to tread virtue's "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace," while I, linked in a dull bond with one whom I neither loved nor hated, must pursue the weary round an existence without aim, or duty, or affection. I was but nineteen, and happiness was over—for the life of life, was dead, and the future, imagination's wide dominion, nothing but one dim and desolate expanse.

Lord E—— made the most ostentatious preparations for our approaching union, which he took care should be publicly known, so that I was congratulated upon it by my acquaintances, and among the rest by Trevor himself. But the more I reflected, the more I loathed the thought of marrying Lord E——. He could not be blind to my reluctance; but his avarice and vanity were both interested in the fulfilment of my promise. To a man who had passed my love, my unwillingness to fulfil the contract would have been a sufficient cause for discarding it; but Lord E—— loved me sensually, and I had promised it to him—how then could I retract? Gladly, indeed, would I have given half my fortune in ransom of my rash pledge, but such a barter was impossible, and I saw no means of escaping the fate which my own folly had provided me.

One day, while I was sunk in the deepest misery, and meeting the gratulations of my friends, Lord E—— a footman, in a strange livery, entered the room, and delivered a letter to his master. He broke the seal, and read it, then, with a look of the most diabolical triumph, he handed it to me. It was from Trevor, and contained a proposal for my hand. Trevor was to have been married on the following day, and had written to me, as the only means of preventing the match, which he knew my friends would urge on. He was to be in the church at the hour appointed, and if I refused to come, he would consider my silence as a sufficient intimation of my acquiescence in the match. I rushed wildly to the window, and looked out on the scene of my approaching misery. The carriages were in waiting, and the servants were standing at the church door. Every thing was prepared for the ceremony, and I was to be there! Lord E—— was standing near me, and I felt myself utterly in his power. He could not, I knew, be ignorant of the contents of the letter, and that his fate would rest upon my decision. It was added, too, that the preparations feared the worst. That evening I stood in imperceptible to the struggle between the careless morning and the throbbing heart. I shut myself into my own room, and gave free course to my sorrow. I fled to prayer, and, with incoherent and passionate supplication, implored that the just man might live, even though I were never to see him. I read over the church service, and, mentally repeating every word of the marriage ceremony, thought of the reverence of the solemn bond, and of the sacredness of the duties it enforced. I searched out the texts of Scriptures on which he used to dwell, and, while I pondered on the awful grounds which the slight might bring forth, a sudden impulse of supposition seized me. I resolved to seek from the sacred book an omen of the morrow's issue, and, opening it at hazard, determined to regard the first verse that should present itself as the oracle of destiny. The words that met my eyes were appallingly appropriate. "He planted God and was believed." He was to have married Trevor, and was believed. He was to have married a woman he could adore his understanding, and desire beside his soul. He made perfect, he a short space to be fulfilled a long time." These awful words smote me like the fist of doom. A wild and yearning to look even upon the walls that contained him seized me, and, with some difficulty, eluding the observation of my domestics, I walked towards Trevor's house unattended and unobserved, through darkness and driving rain. Streets, over which I had been often borne in triumph and in joy, I now trod on foot, in tears, and shame, the pilgrim of grief and love. I reached Trevor's house, and stood on the opposite side of the street, where the light of his study shone through the window. I could see the shadow of his head as it bent over his books, and I would have given more than life to have been admitted to his presence, and to have told him all. I could discern the figures of servants passing and repassing the windows in haste, for it was now dusk, and preparations for the morrow were being made. Once, I saw the study door open, and Trevor's footman and housekeeper pass out. I thought of their approaching departure from the house of their master, and of the desolation that it would cause. Every thing was in confusion, and I could see that the window shutters were closed. I remained for hours in the pelting storm, and then returned home, wet, weary, and wretched. I had not been missed, and I crept to my own room unobserved. I threw myself upon my bed, and, in the agony of my heart, prayed for death. I prayed with haughty reasoning and hypocritical coldness. True, my haughtiness and coldness were nothing to him, then, or now, but they were much to my mortified pride and vanity. Contrition trembled at the prospect of inquiring whether he still lived, when the overwhelming fear of detection restrained me. I passed to the other side, from which I could see the closely curtained windows of the patient's chamber, and could discern by the faint light within, the gliding forms of his attendants. Long I paced the dark and silent street, gazing upon the walls that held all that I prized on earth—pouring out my heart like water unto one who, in leaving the world, would cast back no regretful thought on me—one on whom the ponderous tomb might shortly close, and that for ever, and who would detest my preference for Trevor. Lord E—— alone appreciated it. His jaded eyes were forever riveted upon my countenance, and he alone read aright my wandering, restless eye and changing cheek. His descendants had long been aware of the impassioned temperament that lurked beneath my quiescent manners, and he believed me very capable of lavishing my fortune and affections upon one of Hazard's exhibitions—a sympathy which he was determined, in justice, to prevent. He did not dare openly to slander the high character of Trevor, but he had recourse to the meaner and "paltry breaks" which cowardice and duplicity ever resort to for the gaining of their ends. Sometimes, I caught him covertly watching me, and then he would assume a look of sad foreboding concern. I could not imagine what my partiality was known, and believed to be greatly discouraged by Trevor himself, but at the same time assumed the love-disdain of any thing to prove my worth, in every way, to Trevor. The two conflicting feelings of pride and love distracted me, and I became an object of wonder to my friends. One day, I remember, I was standing alone, in my own room, when my servant announced Trevor. Trevor! I could not believe my own ears, but I was standing there, and that his fate would rest upon my decision. It was added, too

Epitome of the Times.

The Queen was safely delivered on Sunday afternoon of a son, at Buckingham Palace. The Prince of Wales is in excellent health and spirits. The Queen is also doing well.

A meeting was held on the Rock of the Queen's County, Ireland, on Monday night. The people were addressed by Mr. Smith O'Brien.

The Assembly on the Instruction Bonds met in Kentucky, today, in Frankfort, on the Saturday Council Room, on the Common Council subject.

The Rose River City arrived in Baltimore on Tuesday, and left for Howard's City Wharf, where he will remain for a few days. On that day he will address the people in the evening, among the first city.

The Rose Queen of Beauty, Miss Mary Ann Lewis, of Rose Hill Farm, was crowned Queen of the Rose, at the Rose Festival, in the Academy of Music, New York, on the 6th inst.

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Execution.—A death occurred in Paris during the month of August, by the name of "The Life Guard of the Alcaldes."

A meeting is about to be held in Washington, Pa., for the purpose of considering the propriety of petitioning the Legislature, during the coming session, for the passage of a law to charter a Bank of Washington County.

The brig Gleaner, at New York, from Manchester, reports that a American brig, said to belong to Calais, Me., has been lost on the South American coast, and all hands perished except two, who remain in the hands of the Indians.

American Scenes.—During the month of August, [illegible] Philadelphia, [illegible] and [illegible] were [illegible] of cholera infantum, [illegible], and [illegible] in the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, October 15, 1836.

REMOVAL.

The Printing and publishing office of this paper is now removed to No. 60 Carter's Alley, 2d door below 3d Street.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The Rose to Miss S. N.; L. H. Sale; Sonnet, on a visit to a friend's grave, too inadmissible.

The "Shower Day," by Dale, is on file. The verses headed "The Seasons," by the same writer, are unobjectionable.

To Leon by "R" are too imperfect for publication.

Reader's dramatic criticisms are very just, but they are too long for our columns. We entirely publish his opinions of Mr. Sheridan, of the Arch street Theatre. That individual is certainly the most handsome man of our dramatic corps, and his personal appearance, which, but for his boldness might be made very agreeable, is rendered so unpleasant by an unmeaning grimace, and an if determined to be as repulsive as possible, he seems always bent on unnecessarily offending. He should remedy his foolish defects, or subject himself upon a stubborn audience. We mention this gentleman facetiously, and wish we had no other blemishes for himself, and the playgoers who have suffered so much from his long nodes and leggy dances.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Cr.	Received from	Cr.	Received from
C. Morris,	$2 00	Thomas M'Clure,	1 00
Gideon Gaskill,	1 00	J. P. Kent, Esq.	1 00
Franklin Hill, Esq.	1 00	J. P. Kent, Esq.	1 00
Jas. Sandford, Esq.	1 00	Appleton, Esquire,	1 00
Lewis Nicols, Esq.	1 00	October 6.	
Dr. Gray, Esq.	2 00	J. C. Gilmore, Esq.	1 00
October 5.		A. J. M. Connell,	1 00
Thomas Notterville,	1 00	Chas. L. Ward, Esq.	1 00
J. Hay, Esq.	1 00	Daniel L. Ward, Esq.	1 00
Allen Thomas, Esq.	1 00	Daniel L. Ward, Esq.	1 00
Thomas Hills, Esq.	1 00	W. F. Biddle, jun. P.M. fr	
October 7.		E. H. Parker,	1 00
Mess Knox,	1 00	James Bullock,	1 00
J. Wilkinson, jr.	1 00	James S. Hamilton,	1 00
Richard J. Manning,	1 00	Wm. M'Clure,	1 00
James Carpenter,	1 00	Ralph Hoare,	1 00
Mr. Moore,	1 00	October 10.	
Hiram Ashfield, Esq.	1 00	John R. Gardenier,	1 00
Geo. Kruse, Esq.	1 00	David Brown,	1 00
Wm. Power, Esq.	1 00	W. A. Hemingway, esq.	1 00
Wm. L. Bagley,	2 00	Rt. P. Mitchell, Esq.	1 00
Paul Adams, Esq.	2 00	Geo. Perry, Esq.	1 00
		W. Edwards, Esq.	1 00

The following letter, which we give verbatim et literatim, was received by us several weeks ago. The under will please note the "glorious uncertainty" that lingers about the place and person, respecting which the post-mistress designed to enlighten us. We addressed a note on the subject to the Post Office Department, at Washington, and have received for answer, that Mr. Barry and his official assistants possess no more wisdom in the matter than we do. If, therefore, this notice does not meet the eye of the lady in question, the Post will probably be "used up," in bad family.

"Sept 12, 1836. You are hereby informed that the person for which post office box 1 belongs for Daniel Campbell is sent to jail and as you will please to discontinue the sam for if you dont I we will see them up ourselves.

Yourss &c. Mary Hampton,
Asst's postmis."

The election on Tuesday last, resulted, in the city, in the success of the Independent Democratical National Republican ticket, by a small majority; in the county, in the success of the Jackson administration, by a vote of several hundreds. We publish the returns in another column. In the city both parties were active, and the contest throughout was conducted with great energy. The vote of the successful party is smaller than that of last year, and that of the Jackson party large. But for the intervention of this party, in North Moberry Ward, the result, it is probable, would have been different. A number of gentlemen, dissatisfied by particular incidents, took possession of the windows, at the opening of the polls, and presented an effectual bar to many peaceable voters. In consequence, the number of votes received was very small.

At the several polls in the county, good order was generally preserved. The number of votes polled is about 1600 less than the number polled last year.

THEATRICALS.—The Arch and Chestnut street theatres have commenced the season, with an unwonted number of attractions, and the managers are being handsomely rewarded for their expenditures in the way of embellishments, scenery, and stars. At the Arch street house, the extraordinary dramas of Macready has drawn and continues to draw large and gratifying audiences. At the Chestnut street establishment, the Woods are staging in opera, to the delight of overflowing assemblies. These scientific artists receive numerous applause. Mrs. Wood,—formerly the lady of Lord Lichtner,—possesses a form more than usually graceful, and a voice of peculiar sweetness and flexibility. Her husband gives a song with a vivacity and spirit, well worth enjoying. These accomplished strangers are likely to continue favorites.

The *Franklin Institute* was witnessed by a full and brilliant throng on Thursday and Friday of last week. The best discretion has been every where manifested in the arrangement of the various articles, and the general effect is splendid in the extreme. We find it impossible to gather from our memoranda after a late visit, one half of that which we had set down as worthy of notice and conveniens. In truth, the business is a series of exhilirating confusion. The peace are continually in requisition, by the ladies and while the eye is delighted by the products of industrious art, the ear is regaled with rich, though fitful music. The ensemble of the useful pageant dazzles and confuses; and the visitor is left to collect his senses and reminiscences, without particular order. From this cause, we are left to enumerate at random, the productions shown. We do so, of course, without preference and in a hurried way. The specimens of carpets, are, in almost every instance, worthy of the highest praise, for vivid coloring, and finished execution. The carpets, of all kinds are such and all, beautiful those of varied maple, from Nesmo & Co. of New York, and several of this city, are in the best sense of the term, splendid, though plain. The drugs, from the Wetherills—the porcelain from Bonsthill's; the lamps, inkstands and vases, of anthracite from the Messrs. Kirk's; the beautiful gilt buttons from the establishment of Robinson & Co.—are all deserving of specific mention, and the makers and vendors worthy of popular patronage. We should not omit to mention the carpet cloths, by Carlin and others; the silver vessels of Boyen, or the glass chandeliers from the manufactory of the Messrs. Cornelius—all of them splendid, and striking the highest premiums. We are confident that innumerable articles are left unnoticed; but regret is the less, since all the town appears at the Institute, and all be sure to form a right judgement of its merits.—The delicate complex of painting pearl work, &c. cannot be too much admired. We also cut our brief notice, on this subject, from the United States Gazette:

"Mr. Haseltine, the Artist, whose rich display of beautiful work we find mentioned, in terms at the last number, has this year sent to the Hall samples of art, which, for delicacy and beauty, we have never before seen. Those who were so curious as to feel curious, were invited to feel carefully, with the finger, the surface of the specimens, and the delicate polish of the pearl, which, to the touch, is as perfect as to the eye. Specimens of this kind, we believe, are to be found in the cabinets of connoisseurs, but we have never before seen them in such number, or of such beauty. The manufacture of the artist's own machine."

"Trust to the current."

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Mr. Gavazzi, a confectioner, has erected a monument in the cemetery of Worcester, that does infinite credit to the taste and ingenuity of the artist. The monument, we believe, is of the Gothic, but splendid in execution. The memorial is of the artist's own machine.

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The Journal des Debats announces the death of Lord William Russell, who was recently appointed Queen Dowager of Portugal, and who left England in charge of the fleet conveying her to Lisbon. He died on board the Donegal, of Plymouth, and was buried in the Dockyard Church, Devonport.

From Europe.—Intelligence from Liverpool to the 7—Brother appears content at Quesnay of Rouge to Rio, and that has Majesty the Emperor of Austria and Prussia, is in excellent health and spirits.

PORTUGAL.

The Ann, arrived at Falmouth, with dispatches from Lisbon to the 7th ult. Those accounts are of the most satisfactory kind. Lord Wellington had arrived at Lisbon, and had received every mark of respect. Lord Wellington was to be the bearer of the ratification of Mr. Elliot's treaty with Portugal, by the recognition of the Queen and the approval of the measures and men of the revolution.

SPAIN.—Intelligence from Madrid to the 1st inst. has been received by a gentleman in this city by express.

The Queen was in the midst of her preparations for the journey to Aranjuez, when the news of the insurrection at La Granja reached the capital. The Queen Mother was at Aranjuez with the Infantas, and the Queen was to have joined them on the 2d inst. The insurrection at La Granja was suppressed by the 1st inst. The Queen Mother was to leave Aranjuez on the 3d inst. for Madrid, and the Queen was to leave Madrid on the 4th inst. for Aranjuez.

The Carlists were in the neighborhood of Madrid, but the Queen's troops were in pursuit of them. Gomez was at Cuenca, and Cabrera was in Valencia. Gomez was said to be marching towards Madrid, but Cabrera was in full retreat towards the Ebro. Gomez was pursued by Rodil, and Cabrera by Espartero. Gomez was said to be in a very critical situation.

GAY.

Why is a man about town like a pretty bonnet? Because he is a thing of beauty.

Why is Rush Black like a sailor's bag? Because he is a flue.

Why is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland like a man building what others do not? Because he is an Adding for the times.

Why is a parish orator like an army? Because it contains a host (Colonel.)

Why are printers like a cook? Because he has a fondness for the art.

Why is a dry shaker in Newgate like a traveller who has completed a journey? Because he has finished his going in doors shaken.

A lady who had been just three days married recently, being asked whether she was not greatly behind the age, said she was, because she wanted two months, and she believed she should want a week more.

Why—do editors submit their sole duty (save the Magazine) to be published? If the last were their object, there would be no necessity for it; for every man of taste, that has a copy of Shakspeare, can publish as many editions of it as he pleases, and that without any expense of paper, the trouble of printing, or even the trouble of reading. "I have seen and heard one," says the Bramble's reply.

"The Old Schoolmaster," No. 2, has just come before us, and is, in many respects, a very good number. Its first article, "Thoughts on Education," is worthy the attention of every parent and teacher. We are glad to see that the author is not afraid to say that the Bible should be the basis of education. At the present time, when so many are attempting to banish the Bible from the schools, it is refreshing to see a man who is not afraid to speak out in its favor. The remaining articles are well written, and the whole number is filled with matter of interest.

A Lesson Read.—A short time since a young lad met an old gentleman, and, in the simplicity of his heart, addressed him as an acquaintance of Colonel Thornberry's, whom he had met with him. The gentleman looked at him, for the moment, quizzically, and then replied, "Yes, my lad, I know the Colonel very well, and I am glad you have called to see me, for I have a lesson to read you, which I am sure will be of service to you." The gentleman then took a piece of paper, and wrote upon it the following words:

"A person called walking in procession at the head of the gentlemanly corps, endeavored daily in order to procure a livelihood, to make himself known, and to attract the attention of the public by appearing in a dress which was considered the most remarkable." (A true picture.)

CHECK-MATES.

Why is a man about town entitled to a vote? Because he is a Rush Black like a sailor's bag? Because he is a flue.

Why is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland like a man building what others do not? Because he is an Adding for the times.

Why is a parish orator like an army? Because it contains a host (Colonel.)

Why are printers like a cook? Because he has a fondness for the art.

Why is a dry shaker in Newgate like a traveller who has completed a journey? Because he has finished his going in doors shaken.

A lady who had been just three days married recently, being asked whether she was not greatly behind the age, said she was, because she wanted two months, and she believed she should want a week more.

Nay,